

R + E

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R + E by cookie123103

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Summary:

Eddie we need to fucking move and we need to move now.” Richie said in a panic, trying to push Eddie off of him.

“What the fuck are you talking about dipshit I kil-” Richie used every ounce of desperate strength he could muster to push Eddie away from him knowing he only had seconds to change Eddie’s fate.

1. I Know You All Over Again

Author's Note:

Hi hello hi,

This is my first time growing enough of a pair to post something that I have written... Hopefully it's not utter trash?

I'm into anyway so I guess that's enough?

Thanks for checking it out!

Do you know how sometimes something just feels right? Well to Richie Toizer Eddie was the thing that had always felt right. As children they were always very close, most would even say best friends. They were always together, Richie would make a joke at Eddie's expense just to see the smaller boy get annoyed, and then Eddie would try to toss an insult back, sometimes landing them sometimes not, but Richie was enamored with either outcome. To be fair Richie was enamored when Eddie did anything. That hadn't changed. He hated how IT had made him forget about Eddie, such an important pillar in his life and Richie had just forgot about him like he was nothing more than a whisper of a stranger. When they had all met up at the Jade of the Orient all of Richie's memories came rushing back and hit him full force like a brick wall. With those memories came feelings. Feelings of friendship and fear, longing and love. Of course these feelings were for everyone of his friends, but the strongest most potent feelings were of course dedicated towards Eddie. He suddenly remembered the way his stomach fluttered when Eddie accidentally brushed against him. He remembered the adorable annoyed faces Eddie would flash at Richie every time he joked about his dick or about having sex with Eddie's mother. He remembered suppressing all of his feelings because they didn't live in New York or California, they lived in Maine, in Derry of all places and Derry did not take kindly to Gay people. Richie recalled the countless times he had been chased down by Henry Bowers and his gang, homophobic slurs being hurled towards him, not that they really knew that what they were yelling was true. Richie was positive that nobody knew his

secret. Well except for IT, which Pennywise made very clear to him earlier that day and the kissing bridge, but nevertheless he was still shaken up whenever these occurrences had happened. It was 2016 now, the LGBTQ community was everywhere, however; Richie still could not bring himself to tell his friends. He had full intentions to at dinner that night, but then he saw Eddie and found out he was married to a woman. The news mixed with his feelings made Richie think that the metaphorical closet was a comfortable place to stay; for the time being anyway. It felt like too much baggage to drop on his friends. 'Hey I know we just found each other again and we have to go kill this fucking clown but I'm gay.' It just didn't seem all that great timing wise. As a comedian Richie knew that timing was everything, the bigger the punch line the better the timing had to be, so Richie decided to say nothing.

They had already been through Hell since they got here, IT had found a way to to fuck with them at the restaurant, then they all had to separate (because that's a great fucking idea) to find their 'tokens' that Mike insisted they find for this ritual, that Mike insisted would work because the meth juice told him so. Eddie had been stabbed in the face, while Mike had been attacked in the library, both attacks done by Bowers, who Richie had killed via a tomahawk to the head. Now here they were, back in the basement of the Neibolt house, down that stupid well, Richie with an arcade token in his pocket, about to face this fucking clown for what Richie hoped would be the last time, he couldn't do this again at 70 he really couldn't. Bill, Ben and Mike had already begun their decent deeper into IT's lair. After giving Eddie a bit of a pep talk of his own Richie noticed that Eddie was talking to Bev, because Richie always noticed what Eddie was doing. She was giving him an iron rod to help cope with his fears of facing IT again. A part of Richie wanted to take Eddie's hand and run until they were as far away from this house and town as they possibly could be, but he knew better. Richie knew that the only way for this to truly end was for the remaining six of them to stand strong and together, being together was the key. They were already down one member; Stan; running away with another would leave the remaining four far too vulnerable. IT would surely over power them if it was just four. So even though every fiber of his being was screaming at him to run away Richie kept moving deeper into the Neibolt house.

* * *

Richie felt himself being pulled out of a deep trance, his body hit the stone floor with a hard thud.

“I did it Richie I killed IT” Eddie exclaimed.

‘Fuck’ Richie thought, he had seen this exact scenario in IT’s Dead Lights, he knew what was going to happen next and if he wanted to stop it he needed to act fast. “Eddie we need to fucking move and we need to move now.” Richie said in a panic, trying to push Eddie off of him.

“What the fuck are you talking about dipshit I kil-” Richie used every ounce of desperate strength he could muster to push Eddie away from him knowing he only had seconds to change Eddie’s fate. Richie and Eddie went rolling to the left. Richie could feel a slight sting as IT’s giant spider leg nicked his side.

“Eddie!” Richie screamed his panicked eyes and shaking hands searched over Eddie’s body checking him for a giant chest wound. Like the one he saw in the Dead Lights. Richie could see some blood forming on Eddie’s white shirt, opposite to the side his own shirt which was also starting to show a deep crimson.

“I’m okay” Eddie said a little shaken. “Let’s. Kill. This. Fucking. Clown.”

As the final life crushing squish, was administered to IT’s large meaty heart Richie couldn’t help but look over at Eddie to give him what others would describe as a ‘shit eating grin’. Richie had done it, he had saved Eddie from dying. He had saved the man who made him feel things that nobody else was ever able to. That’s when he noticed that Eddie looked pale. To be fair Eddie always looked a little pale, but the shade Eddie currently was alarmed Richie. At that exact moment as if on cue, Eddie passed out. Richie reached out and managed to catch him before Eddie’s head smacked hard against the ground. As if trying to bring a passed out Eddie out from Derry’s underground was not going to be challenging enough, IT’s domain decided in a last ditch effort to kill them, began to rumble. Rocks rained down on the friends. “Somebody help me grab him.” Richie

pleaded tears beginning to form in his eyes, Ben and Bill rushed over to help. The six managed to get out of the old Neibolt house and across the road, just in time to watch the last bits of the house collapse and get sucked back into the earth. Good fucking riddance. They gently placed Eddie down on the ground. Not bothering to feel for a pulse Richie cradled Eddie's head in his hands and began to cry. "Eds come on you have to wake up!" Richie was begging, "I've seen the world without you Eds, it's not a world I want!" Richie's cries turned into sobs. Richie thought about all the things he never got to tell Eddie. Regretting that he hadn't said more while they were down there, regretting that Eddie may never know how much he meant to Richie. "Eddie, if I could turn back time" He sobbed, "If I could find a way." Eddie's eyes opened.

"What, you're so Gay now you're quoting Cher at me asshole?" Eddie croaked while cracking a smile. Richie didn't know whether to smack Eddie or kiss him. He settled on neither and instead just sat there looking like an idiot with his mouth gaping. "But i'm fine. The blood loss paired with my adrenaline tapping out after we killed that fucker made me pass out." Eddie sat up slowly. "But hey thanks for not leaving me down there to get crushed to death." Eddie said this with a dry laugh. Richie was elated that Eddie was alive and okay. Richie didn't even care about the gay jab Eddie threw at him, typically a jab like that would make him sick to his stomach, it would make him want to puke knowing that Eddie knew his biggest secret. But in light of the circumstances he was not bothered one bit.

"Follow me" Bill piped up "Since everyone is fine, I know where we should go." and with that they walked until they found themselves at the top of the quarry cliff, exactly where they had been 27 years previous. To Richie it felt like each of them had lived a thousand lifetimes in those 27 years. Yet it almost felt like no time had passed. Richie was fully aware that time had indeed passed, but being back at the quarry made the 27 year distance seem smaller. The others jumped right in, But Eddie being the same cautious Eddie as he always had been, just aged, opted to walk down to the water. Much to Richie's relief, rationally he knew Eddie was okay but Richie didn't want Eddie to hurt himself any further by making the jump.

"I'll walk down with you Eds." Richie was beginning to feel like a

puppy following Eddie around like he was his owner.

"Fine, but only if you stop calling me 'Eds, you know I hate that.'" Eddie's face was annoyed, which Richie found adorable so he had no choice but continue to egg him on.

"No promises Eddie Spaghetti now let's go!" Richie could hear Eddie swear at him as he took the lead. Richie strategically decided to go ahead in case Eddie fell, that way if by chance that always careful man lost his step and fell Richie would be able to catch him and it wouldn't look planned even though it was. Most of what Richie did or said around Eddie was meticulously calculated. Whether that be where he stood, what he would say to get Eddie's attention or how sometimes when he would dare to let their hands brush against each other when they walked, everything was planned on his end. Eddie still managed to catch him off guard from time to time when Eddie would grab his arm during a particularly scary scene in a movie, or when Eddie sat a little too close to Richie while they were reading comics. Richie turned around and noticed that Eddie was having a little bit of a difficult time getting down off of some rocks, "Need any help getting down Spaghetti?" Eddie's head snapped up with annoyance.

"No thank you asshole I can figure it out myself." Eddie was stubborn, but also struggling.

"Here" Richie reached out a hand towards Eddie. "Just let me help you." Eddie stared at Richie's hand and hesitated for a moment before grabbing Richie's outstretched hand. Richie could feel his face turning red with the contact their skin made, he was hoping that the colour on his face was not as bright as he imagined it to be.

"Thank you." Eddie said with a sheepish smile. They continued their descent towards the water. This time going in the water did not have as much innocence as it did 27 years ago. Back then they were just having fun swimming on a summer's afternoon, today they were washing off a cocktail of fluids and gunk. The water felt good all the same. It was almost like a baptism, IT was destroyed and they were allowed to be reborn. They could do whatever they wanted with their lives, never having to return to Derry if they didn't want to, they never had to see each other again. It hit Richie, he had lost all of his

friends once before he did not want to lose them all again. He was pretty sure they would all stay close, it was easier now than it was in the eighties they all had cell phones and Facebook.

“We are going to stay in touch, aren't we? I don't want to lose you all again.” Richie stated bluntly.

“Of course we are Richie” Bev moved towards him and placed a comforting hand on his shoulder. “Let's go for a walk?” Bev asked, Richie followed. Bev and Richie waded away from the group, once they were out of earshot she wasted no time “When are you telling Eddie?” Richie took a sharp short breath in, feeling as if he had been punched in the gut.

“Telling Eddie What?” Richie decided to play coy. Maybe she had no idea that he liked Eddie let alone that he loved him.

“Oh come on Richie, I'm not stupid I see the way you look at him. The way you always have looked at him.” Maybe she did know. “Be honest with me Richie.”

“Even if I did say something to him, I highly doubt he'd feel the same way.” the Reality was hitting Richie. “He's married to Myra, and i'm just Richie ‘Trashmouth’ Toizer. I don't want to ruin the friendship that we just got back because of some feelings that will probably go away.” Richie knew the feelings wouldn't go away, but he'd do anything to make Eddie happy, even if it meant not being honest with Eddie.

“Oh Honey come here” Bev pulled him in for a hug “I know you're scared, but look at how brave Eddie was today, I think it's your turn to be the brave one Richie.” Richie sighed, he knew she was right. He needed to get over his fear and just do it.

“I have an idea.” Richie told Bev his plan.

“Richie Toizer, who knew under all those crude jokes there was a hopeless romantic.” Bev said with a laugh.

“Not many.” He laughed “ and don't let it get out, romance doesn't work well with my Trashmouth image.” They laughed as they waded

back to the group.

That night was their last night at the Derry Townhouse so Richie had to act fast. While the others went back to their rooms to sleep Richie stayed awake scrolling through the music on his phone. If this is how he was going to do it, he had to make sure it was perfect. It took him until three in the morning but Richie was finally pleased with the order he put the song in and the explanation as to why he did that. Richie knew it was kind of lame to send Eddie a playlist but he was worried that if he tried to vocalize what he wanted to say in front of Eddie it would just come out as a joke or a different voice than his out because of nerves. Richie needed this to be serious. So he grabbed his slip of paper stuck it in an envelope he found at the front desk and sealed it. On the front he wrote "Open your Email, then open this". He then tip-toed to Eddie's room and slipped the envelope under the door.

Fuck this was real now.

Richie tip-toed back to his room and shut the door.

Fuck this was real now.

He grabbed a bottle from his bag and took a long deep drink.

Fuck this was real now.

2. The Playlist

Notes for the Chapter:

Hi Hello Hi,

These songs come from my own playlist of songs that give me Eddie/Richie feelings... The real playlist is longer but these songs just kinda fit the best. I gave the Song title and the artist that way y'all could get the feeling i'm going for if you wanted to.

I'm sorry it's not a real chapter but that will be coming soon. Just fine tuning it.

Thanks again for reading!

1. If I Could Turn Back Time - Cher - This is me Eds, i'm coming out to you.
2. Iris - Goo Goo Dolls - I'm tired of keeping it a secret
3. Crush - David Archuleta - I guess what I am trying to say is that I have feelings for you.
4. The Longest Time - Billy Idol - I've had these feelings for awhile now.
5. Harder Than You Know -Escape the Fate - But Because of where we lived I never wanted to say anything.
6. A Drop In The Ocean - Deep down I always hoped the world would change for the better.
7. I Want to Hold Your Hand (Glee) - I hoped that you had feelings for me as well.
*Yes I know it's Glee just listen to it Asshole!
8. It's All Coming Back to Me Now - Celine Dion - When Mike called, my memories came flooding back.

9. Fall For You - Secondhand Serenade - Then When I saw you at the Restaurant the feelings hit me like a brick wall.
10. That Should be Me - Justin Bieber - Then I found out you were married. Unhappily but married all the same.
11. Can't Help Falling in Love - Elvis - But I just couldn't help it.
12. I'd Do Anything - Simple Plan - I figured I would wait and see how things played out.
13. Fight for Me - Heathers - When I saw how unhappy you where I decided to fight for you.
*Extra Emphasis on setting broken bones ;)
14. Amazed - Lonestar - These past few days You have been so Brave Eds.
15. I See the Lights -Tangled - *Get it cause the Dead Lights? Okay i'll be serious again.
16. Do I - Luke Bryan - I decided it was time for me to be brave to.
17. For the Nights I Can't Remember - Hedley - To apologize for forgetting.
18. Flightless Bird, American Mouth - Iron and Wine - I've grown up a lot Spaghetti.
19. Photograph - Ed Sheeran - So no matter what you choose i'll be okay.
20. Hands Down - Dashboard Confessional - Remembering everything again was amazing and I will always have that.
21. I Will Always Love You - Dolly Parton - Just Know that my feelings for you will always be there. Nothing can take that now.
22. Just to See you smile - Tim McGraw - I just want you to be Happy Eddie
23. Love Me Like You Do - Ellie Goulding - If by some chance you

feel the same way about me, I'll be waiting by the Kissing Bridge at 4pm I'll stay until 4:30.

-Richie

3. A Million Dreams

Notes for the Chapter:

Hi, Hello, Hi!

So here is another chapter I hope y'all like it. :)

Thank you again for taking the time to read my stuff!

Richie woke up late the next morning, well really it was the afternoon. He was scared to leave his room, he didn't want to run into Eddie and be shut down in person, he'd rather be stood up waiting by the Kissing Bridge. He was thankful that they all agreed to one last Dinner together at 5 pm before they all had to start heading back home and back to their own individual realities. Richie had a few hours to kill before he had to leave for the Kissing Bridge so he decided to order some room service, shower, and freak the fuck out until it was time.

It was 4:20 and Richie was starting to feel a giant pit form in his stomach. Every noise made him look up hopefully, only to be disappointed when it wasn't Eddie walking his way. He was leaning on the fence looking out into the Barrens. He thought about all the time they spent down there as children. He thought about when he carved the R + E that he was currently covering with his knee. He thought about what would happen if Eddie didn't show up. Richie had told himself he'd be okay, but to be honest, he wasn't sure he would be able to face his friends tonight at dinner if Eddie turned him down. Would he show up only to have his friends, point and laugh at him? Would he show up only for them all to be silent never to talk to him again? Richie knew he was being a little crazy but he was always good at thinking up the worst possible outcomes. 4:25. Richie's heart sank further. How did he let Bev talk him into this? He could have stayed silent and everything would have stayed the same, and Richie wouldn't be here alone at the Kissing Bridge right now, alone.

“Really asshole, did you have to bring up the broken arm?” Richie was pulled out of his thoughts by a familiar voice.

“I didn’t think you were coming.” his voice was a little flat. He still wasn’t too sure how Eddie had taken the news and he didn’t want to celebrate prematurely.

“To be honest I wasn’t too sure if I was going to either.” There it was the rejection. “I was scared, but not like yesterday. Today’s fear was different. A part of me was afraid this was a bad fucking joke. But, in the theme of being brave I decided to come.” Eddie slipped his hands into his pockets. Richie was confused, he wasn’t rejected?

“I can assure you Eds, this isn’t a joke.” Richie said in a serious yet quiet tone. He needed Eddie to understand that his feelings were real and not some fucked up joke, much like the ones he loved to spout as a kid.

“You know I hate it when you call me Eds” Eddie said as he closed the space between them. When Eddie got close enough to Richie he grabbed Richie’s face in his hands, their lips met. Richie’s face immediately went hot and red as he deepened the kiss. Eddie was the first to pull away. “You are such an idiot you know that Richie?” This was definitely not rejection.

“So does this mean?” Richie couldn’t keep the smile off of his face. His cheeks hurt from smiling so wide.

“Yes, you idiot! I’ve loved you since we were kids.” Eddie’s hands went back into his pockets. “When I moved away, I may have forgotten about the person the feelings where for, but I never forgot about the way I had felt.” Richie understood this completely. “I hate that IT made me forget about you Richie.” Richie rubbed the back of his neck, all the reciprocated feelings made him feel a little awkward.

“What about your mom- I mean wife?” Richie laughed, Eddie looked pissed. Jokes always helped when he was feeling awkward.

“Hey Asshole let’s not ruin the moment yeah?” Eddie pulled Richie closer.

“Yeah.” Their lips met again, and for the moment everything was right in Richie’s world.

They were right about to enter the restaurant when Eddie stopped in his tracks. “Richie what do we tell them?” Richie could tell Eddie was beginning to panic. “Holy fuck Richie I’m still technically married, they are going to think i’m awful.” The words where flying out of Eddies mouth at an impressive rate. Eddie’s breathing increased, his chest was moving up and down rapidly.

“Nobody is going to think you are awful Eds.” Richie slipped his hand into Eddie’s. “In fact, I have a sneaking suspicion that they are going to be completely okay with it.” As Richie spoke Eddie’s breathing began to calm down again. Even when they were kids Richie was able to help Eddie calm down, but now it felt different, in a good and loving way. Once it was completely back to normal they walked into the restaurant hand-in-hand.

“You actually did it!” Bev exclaimed as she ran up and embraced the two men.

“I told you they’d be cool with it” Richie said with a smirk.

“Shut the fuck up Asshole” Eddie said with a genuine smile.

They joined their other friends at the table, were they all laughed and talked some more. Both Richie and Eddie made sure to tell their side of what had happened that afternoon. Eddie telling them all how he had found the envelope slipped under his door. He told them about the playlist and how the songs had made him feel more loved than he had ever felt in his entire life. Eddie talked about how he was skeptical when going to the Kissing Bridge, thinking that it might have been a joke, so he had waited for the last possible moment to go just in case it was a joke he wouldn’t feel as stupid. Then of course Eddie told them about how it wasn’t a joke and for once in his life Richie Toizer was actually being serious. Richie was beaming the entire time Eddie was telling his end of the story, the fact that he had managed to make Eddie feel so loved with nothing more than a

playlist and some words made it so that Richie knew that Bev's pushing was worth it. He wanted to make Eddie feel that loved everyday.

When dinner was over they all said their goodbyes and left. Richie was still of course with Eddie their goodbye lingering the longest.

"When does your flight leave?" Richie asked not really wanting to know the answer.

"7am tomorrow morning" Eddie said with a sigh. Richie assumed he was sighing over the shit-storm that awaited him upon his arrival. "What about yours?"

"Tomorrow at 8am." Richie could see their parting coming and he hated it.

"Stay with me tonight." Eddie said, there was nothing but confidence in his voice. Richie who was not ready to say goodbye to Eddie just yet so he accepted his offer. They both had their Derry Townhouse rooms booked for one more night, but they went back to Eddie's room. Their friends all having left for their respective cities meant that the Townhouse was virtually empty, minus the two of them. The two men spent the night drinking and talking some more, they had so much catching up to do and their futures to figure out.

"Come to New York with me." Eddie said with just as much confidence as he had when he asked Richie to stay the night. Richie didn't know what to say. On one hand he wanted nothing more than to go with Eddie, but he also didn't want to impose himself in Eddie's life. They had only recently remembered each other.

"I don't know" Richie finally decided on saying. Eddie looked at him with his soft brown eyes.

"Please come to New York with me." He asked again while piercing Richie's soul with his eyes. "I don't think I'm ready to face her alone. I've been ignoring her calls and messages because I'm not sure what the fuck to say, but I know I will if you're there." Eddie pleaded.

"I didn't know you could speak whale?" Richie just couldn't help it,

Eddie lined the joke up perfectly.

“You know what Fuck you Richie! And Fuck me for asking.” Frustrated Eddie went and sat on the bed. Fuck Richie didn’t mean to make the joke and piss Eddie off, he just couldn’t help it. When a good chuck formed in his brain, especially around Eddie, he couldn’t stop his mouth from saying it, even if it was bad timing.

“No, I’m sorry you know how my mouth works!” Richie sat beside Eddie on the bed. “Shit comes out and there is nothing to stop it.” Richie took Eddie’s hands in his. “I do want to come to New York with you! I want to help you!” Richie was doing his best to be as serious as possible.

“I think I do know how your mouth works.” with that Eddie went in for another kiss. This one was far more passionate than earlier. Richie could feel his face get hot again, he wondered if he would ever not blush like a fucking tomato when Eddie kissed him. Eventually much to Richie’s displeasure Eddie pulled away. “It’s late and we have a 7am flight tomorrow, let’s get to bed.” Richie agreed and they both crawled into Eddie’s bed. Richie was laying on his side almost asleep when Eddie grabbed him making Richie the little spoon.

“I love you Eds” he whispered as he fell asleep in Eddie’s arms.

4. In Case You Didn't Know

Notes for the Chapter:

Hi Hello Hi,

Here is another Chapter. Hoping it is okay? I've been writing it and re-writing it for awhile now.

Thank you for reading :)

Richie had been to New York before. Every single tour he had done had a few New York shows. But this time Richie wasn't in New York to do a show. He was in New York to help the love of his life leave his wife. Fuck. They left the airport in Myra's car, Eddie explained to Richie in more detail about how he had gotten into a car accident when Mike had called them and he had used Myra's car to get to the airport because she was often too scared to drive and almost never used it anyway. Richie hoped that Eddie's car would be fixed when they got to his place, if Myra was anything like Eddie's Mother, they needed an escape vehicle and Richie didn't think that Myra was going to take too kindly to Eddie leaving with her car. The drive was long because New York traffic is a bitch, but Richie didn't mind, it meant spending more time with just Eddie and he was completely okay with that. Eventually Eddie pulled the car up to a very nice house. Richie noticed that there was another car in the driveway.

"Fuck" Eddie said in a voice that was barely audible.

"So, am I waiting out here in the escape vehicle or?" Richie's voice trailed off on the or, he would much rather wait in the other car for Eddie.

"I need you to come in with me." Eddie's breathing began to increase in speed. "I don't want you to fucking say anything, but I just need you to be there." Richie nodded and mimed zipping his lips shut. He decided not to vocalize that he probably would say something stupid, Eddie was already upset and he didn't need his trashmouth upsetting him more. Richie followed Eddie through the threshold of the front door and it was eerily silent. "Myra?" Eddie called, there was no

response. Upon further investigation it appeared that Myra had gone out. Richie followed Eddie around helping Eddie pack his life into suitcases and boxes. When they were done packing Eddie left a note for Myra along with his house key and wedding ring on their dining room table. They took everything and packed it into Eddie's car this time, before they drove off Eddie pulled an envelope out from his pocket and held it up. "It's from Stan" was all Eddie could manage to squeak out.

"Hey." Richie said while placing his hand on Eddie's thigh. "Let's get out of here before you read it?" It was more of a suggestion, but it came out like a question.

"Yeah, okay" Eddie agreed. Eddie reversed out of the driveway with the intention never to return. Eddie drove until they reached a Marriott that was close to Times Square.

Once they were situated in their room; with two queen beds, because Richie always had this kind of shit luck. Eddie took out Stan's letter. "Do you want me to read it out loud?" Eddie asked looking a bit uneasy.

"No." Richie said thoughtfully, "Stan wrote that letter for you, I'm sure I have one at home." With that Eddie read his letter while Richie watched, he could read Eddie's face like a book and he was hoping to get a little information from the facial expressions Eddie would inevitably make. Richie watched as Eddie's brows furrowed and relaxed, Richie stayed fixated on Eddie. At the end of the Letter Eddie neatly folded it as he exhaled deeply. Richie was expecting Eddie to cry, Eddie was always the first to cry when they were children, Richie didn't see why adulthood would be any different. Yet Eddie did not cry. Instead he just looked thoughtfully at nothing in particular.

"Let's go for lunch, I want to take you to my favorite spot." With that Eddie grabbed Richie's hand, and began to lead him out of the hotel room and to the restaurant. Richie could not believe that this was actually happening here he was walking down a New York side walk hand-in-hand with the love of his life. Holy fuck. For most of their childhood Richie had been the one to take charge while Eddie was always adorably shy. But now as adults Eddie was taking charge more, and to be honest Richie found this rather hot. They kept

walking until they reached a burger place. “This place has the best burgers in the city.” Eddie said with a smile as he continued to lead Richie. As they sat down Richie came to the realization that they were on a date. Fuck. Richie had eaten with Eddie thousands of times but never on a date. What if he chewed weird or was a pickier eater than Eddie? What if Eddie laughed at him and left because of the way Richie bit into a burger? When the waitress came to take their drink order Richie was panicking but managed to order a beer. When it came time for him to place his food order he completely freaked the fuck out and ordered a Caesar Salad. “Are you fucking kidding me? A salad?” Eddie said with a laugh.

“Fuck you I’m watching what I eat!” Richie lied.

“Like fuck you are? Do you know how many calories are in Caesar dressing? You might as well gotten the burger and had a better fucking time.” Eddie said his hands moving with each word.

“Look, I was afraid that you would think I fucking eat weird because this is kinda our first date, I don’t want to fuck it up okay?” Richie managed to get out with a sheepish smile.

“You have literally talked about fucking my mother for years, I have watched you eat literal floor pizza, and you thought I would think you eat a fucking burger funny? That is so fucking adorable.” Eddie said as he grabbed Richie’s hands from across the table.

“EDDIE KASPBRAK I KNOW YOU ARE IN HERE” A shrill voice cut through the typical restaurant noise. With that Eddie pulled his hand away from Richie and slithered out of the booth seat and onto the floor. Richie watched as a rather large women burst through the restaurant door. Ah here is the Eddie he had been more familiar with.

“Dude is that you wi-”

“Shut the fuck up or she’s going to find me” Eddie stage whispered from under the table. Myra looked down at her phone while making her way towards their table, coming to a halt at the end of it.

“Eddie, I know you are under there.” Her shrill voice stern. “I tracked your Iphone here.” The way Myra said she tracked Eddie’s Iphone

gave Richie the shivers. That is some creepy shit. “Eddie-bear come out from under the table, you’ll catch a disease from being on this nasty restaurants floor.” With that Eddie slowly and awkwardly made his way back from under the booth’s table and back into a seated position.

“Hello Myra.” Eddie said curtly. “We are in a restaurant would you mind keeping your voice down?”

“I will not keep my voice down!” Myra began to yell again “You left me to go to Maine, which I only know because I tracked you there through your Iphone. You take my car and don’t bother to let me know if you are okay. You come back home, only to leave me through a note? And now look at you, what is wrong with your face?” Richie tried not to laugh, he knew she meant the bandage from the stab Eddie had received from Henry Bowers but Richie found it a little funny all the same.

“Myra, please don’t make more of a scene then you already have.” Richie watched as Eddie managed to stay cool, calm and collected.

“Well, I’m not leaving until you talk to me Eddie.” Myra crossed her arms and pouted like a child.” Richie could not believe how much Myra was like Eddie’s mother.

“In which case.” Eddie stood up, “Let’s take this discussion outside. Excuse us Richie” With that Eddie started towards the door with a pouty Myra in tow. Richie watched through the restaurant window as Eddie and Myra’s hands flew around with each word, he could see Eddie’s face furrowed with frustration. After what felt like ages Richie watched as Myra walked away and Eddie walk back into the restaurant.

“Dude she is just like your -” Richie was cut off.

“Don’t finish that sentence Tozier or I swear to God I will fucking kill you” Eddie said with a playful yet serious look, his hands moving as he talked.

“Touchy!” Richie continued to joke. “How’d it go?” Richie truly did want to know, he wanted to be in a real relationship with Eddie.

Unfortunately there was something rather large blocking their way.

“She didn’t take it well but we are done. I’ll have our lawyer draft up some divorce papers.” Eddie said as he put a fry into his mouth. They continued to eat and talk, when it was time to pay and leave they had the awkward argument of who was going to pay, Eddie eventually won. Once again showing off a more confident side than Richie remembered but nevertheless he found extremely hot. They walked back to their hotel hand-in-hand, talking and laughing. Eddie wanted to show Richie all of his favorite parts of New York. Richie didn’t know how much longer he could push off going back to LA and his job, but he would for as long as he could. Right now he was content being wherever Eddie was.

When they got back to their room, Eddie took Richie into his arms. While kissing Eddie, pushed Richie up against the wall deepening the kiss. Richie kissed back, his hands exploring Eddie’s back and sides. Eddie took Richie from the wall and guided him to the bed.

Notes for the Chapter:

Uhm Hi again, sorry for leaving it like that... I don't know if I can write smut. I'm real awkward about it.

Side note: The date was inspired by the first date I had with my partner. I was awkward and ordered a salad because the burgers all had something I would have picked off and I didn't want to seem to high-maintenance on our first date.

5. Home

Notes for the Chapter:

Hi Hello Hi!

Thank you everyone for reading my little story. This chapter took a bit because I wrote a little Christmas thing that would not leave my head until it was finished. But now i'm able to focus on this one again. :)

I find i'm super inspired by songs when I write so I hope that's okay with everyone. ahah

Thank you again!

Eddie insisted that they go and see Les Miserables. His work always had tickets to shows as Eddie's company had the theatres as clients. Richie had no idea what the show was about but he agreed to go because Eddie wanted him to. Eddie also insisted to him that you can't possibly visit New York without catching a Broadway show. So here Richie was about halfway through Act II of Les Miserables trying not to bawl his eyes out because basically every character that you could possibly get attached to dies, including this adorable little child that just wanted to help out. When the show ended Richie refused to get out of his seat. "Richie the show is over we can leave now." Eddie said while gently touching Richie's shoulder.

"I fucking hate you" Richie said while fighting back tears. "What the fuck did you just put me through? Literally everyone died"

"It's a classic, I'm sorry I thought you knew!"

"Do I look like the type who watches musicals?" Richie said with a scoff.

"Let me make it up to you, I'll take you to Aladdin?" Eddie said with legitimate concern. "Wait a second. You fucking had Heather's on the playlist you made for me!" Eddie's hands moving with every word.

“That’s different, they swear and there is a song about blue balls, which is really rapey but upbeat and sure people die but NOT like this!” Richie’s tears began to flow.

“Yeah, I’m going to have to take you to Aladdin.” Eddie wiped away Richie’s tears. “Come on, let’s go back to the hotel.” Eddie lead the way as they walked back hand in hand.

It was dark, Richie eyes scanned the underground of Derry trying to find Eddie. “Eddie!” He kept screaming, but there was no immediate answer. Richie eventually found Eddie behind some rocks out of IT’s way. “Eddie!” Richie screamed again as he ran to him. When Richie got close enough he noticed the giant hole in Eddie’s chest. “Eddie.” Eddie’s name escaped as a small sad sound. Richie fell to his knees, gathering Eddie’s head into his arms and onto his lap.

“Don’t you fret -” Richie stopped paying attention to what Eddie was saying as music began to play in the background. “I don’t feel any pain.” this was from that god damn musical Eddie took him to. “A little fall of rain can hardly hurt me now.” This was a fucking dream.

With that realization Richie was jolted awake. He threw the covers off and flung his hand up to his mouth. He managed to make it to the hotel bathroom just in time to not make a mess all over the floor. How fucking embarrassing was this? What kind of grown ass man goes to see a musical and then has a nightmare so awful and vivid that it makes him puke. As Richie is resting his head against his arms and his arms against the cold porcelain he hears a light knock at the door. “Go away Eds.” Richie grumbled. He knew how Eddie was about sickness and puke especially puke.

“Are you okay?” Eddie said the door creaking open, clearly ignoring the go away Richie had spouted.

“Go back to bed Eddie.” Richie said firmly still resting his head. He could hear shuffling as Eddie turned the tap on. After a few moments he felt a cool washcloth on the back of his neck. From being a semi-aware human he could tell that Eddie had sat down on the side of the hotel bathtub.

“Are you okay?” Eddie asked again. So fucking annoying, Richie wished Eddie would just go back to bed so he could sit here in his weird pukey sadness.

“I’m fine just-” Richie puked again. Fucking perfect. As Richie sat there feeling embarrassed he felt a comforting hand rub his back.

“It’s okay.” Was all Eddie kept saying over and over while rubbing Richie’s back.

“I puked.” Richie said sounding like a sad defeated child. It took everything in Eddie not to laugh and shoot a sarcastic ‘no shit’ back.

“Do you feel any better?” Eddie asked with genuine concern. Richie just looked up at him with sad eyes and nodded. “Come on.” Eddie helped Richie get up off the hotel floor. He filled a cup with water and instructed Richie to swish some around in his mouth before brushing his teeth as stomach acid can ruin tooth enamel. Richie did as he was told and then brushed his teeth, when Richie was finished Eddie lead him back to bed and made sure he was tucked in before crawling into bed himself. “Richie.” Eddie said in a soft voice.

“Hmm?” Was all Richie would manage to grumble.

“You were yelling my name before you woke up.” Eddie said just as soft as before. Richie went rigid, but stayed silent. “Do you want to talk about it?” Eddie cautiously asked. Tears started to flow from Richie’s eyes. “Oh.” Eddie said as he pulled Richie closer to him. “I’m sorry, you don’t have to talk about it.” One hand was now stroking Richie’s hair.

“I saw you die.” Richie managed to squeeze out between sobs. “In the deadlights, I saw IT’s arm go right through your chest. You looked so happy that you killed IT then it stabbed you and you looked so sad.” Richie continued to cry as Eddie wiped tears away from Richie’s face.

“Is that what your dream was about?” Eddie asked.

“Yes, and that stupid fucking musical!” Richie could not stop crying. What the actual fuck was wrong with him. He was legitimately getting embarrassed. This time Eddie had no choice but to let out a

little laugh.

"I'm here and I'm okay." Was all Eddie kept repeating while rubbing Richie's shoulders comfortingly, until Richie was too tired to cry anymore and finally drifted off to sleep.

Richie's time in New York was coming to an end. He couldn't keep putting off his job forever. Even if his job was a comedian and not a typical desk job. Even Eddie was going to his regular 9-5 while Richie sat in the hotel room feeling like an utter loser. So Richie decided that when Eddie got back to the hotel today he was going to have to tell him that it was time for him to go home. "Move to LA with me." Was the first thing Richie said when Eddie arrived.

"What the fuck are you talking about?" Eddie asked.

"Move to LA with me." Richie repeated again but not really asking Eddie, more like telling him. Richie wanted Eddie to be near no matter where he was.

"I can't just move to LA Richie that's not how this fucking works." Eddie exclaimed while loosening his tie. "I have a job here Richie!"

"Find a new job in LA?" Richie shrugged.

"Okay, I know you think my job was invented before fun but I actually fucking like my job. It's a real job unlike -" Richie watched as Eddie realized what he was about to say.

"So you don't think I have a real job?" Richie was pissed "Good to know Eds." Richie said as he started to pack. Sure he didn't have a desk job like Eddie did but that's not who Richie was, and it's not like he wasn't successful and living in a crappy apartment. He actually had a nice place, not that Eddie would know that.

"You know that's not what I meant Richie!" Richie could tell Eddie was pissed at himself but to be honest at the moment Richie couldn't give a fuck and continued to pack in silence. This was a real fight. The two of them almost always argued and bickered but they never got into a real fight. "Richie I'm sorry." Eddie was trying to catch Richie's gaze.

“It’s whatever Eds.” Richie zipped his bag. Fuck this he didn’t need someone patronizing him about his career choices. “I’ve got a flight to catch.”

“Can I at least drive you to the airport.” Eddie looked devastatingly sad. “I don’t. I don’t know.” Eddie couldn’t manage to get the last bit out but Richie knew what Eddie was going to say, and to be honest right now he didn’t want to hear it.

“No.” The word came out harsher than Richie intended, and maybe Richie would be pissed at himself later for this tantrum but right now he was too fucking mad to care. “I’ll see you around Eds.” With that Richie walked out of the hotel room leaving behind a sad and confused Eddie.

While at the airport Richie had his headphones in attempting to drown out the feelings. Richie hit shuffle.

Home by Edward Sharpe and the Magnetic Zeros

No fucking thank you. Richie hit next.

Eddie my love by the Teen Queens

Are you fucking kidding me. Richie hit next again.

Home by Michael Buble

Seriously? Richie hit next one more time.

Home by Edward Sharpe and the Magnetic Zeros

Next.

Eddie my love by the Teen Queens

Next.

Home by Michael Buble

Completely fed up with his Iphone's bullshit he chose a new song,

once it was over sure as shit:

Home by Edward Sharpe and the Magnetic Zeros

Next.

Eddie my love by the Teen Queens

Next.

Home by Michael Buble

“FUCK! OKAY UNIVERSE I HEAR YOU LOUD AND FUCKING CLEAR!” Richie yelled and in doing so scared the ever loving shit out of the nice couple sitting near him. With a massive sigh Richie grabbed his bag and hurried out to hail a cab.

Once Richie was outside of the hotel he sent Eddie a text to come to the window. Richie waited, eventually a window opened up that was a few windows over and Eddie’s head peered out. “What the fuck are you doing?” Eddie asked a puzzled look on his face. Richie hurried over to the proper window.

“I’m making a romantic gesture!” Richie said sweeping his arms around him. “I got off the plane!”

“It might have worked better if you went to the right fucking window.” Eddie said still sounding a little sad. “Who the fuck do you think we are Ross and Rachel?”

“Eds, Can I come up? I’m sorry I threw a pissy fit!” Richie really was sorry he just needed the universe to point it out to him. Eddie sat there in silence. Richie could tell he had hurt Eddie by leaving on such a shitty note. “If you don’t let me in i’ll start singing!” Richie laughed.

“Bull fucking shit you will.” Eddie said with a smile finally cracking on his face.

“Okay you asked for this.” Richie inhaled “ Eddie my love, I love you

so! How I've waited for you you'll never know! Please Eddie, don't make me wait too long.” Richie sang loud and proud and also terribly.

“You are such a fucking idiot!” Eddie yelled while laughing and shaking his head.

“So can I come up?” Richie raised an eyebrow.

“Yes you idiot you can come up.” With that Richie raced inside, fuck the elevator it was too slow, Richie ran up the stairs and was about to knock on the door when it flew open and he was greeted by Eddie’s lips crashing against his own. Richie dropped his bag and held on to Eddie. Fuck he loved the minty taste Eddie always had.

“Richie I’m so fucking sorry.” Eddie got out between kisses. Richie stopped Kissing Eddie and grabbed his face.

“No Eds I’m sorry, I shouldn’t just expect you to move for me. I can do my job anywhere and it was selfish of me-” He was interrupted by Eddie’s lips meeting his. “I’m serious.” Richie pulled away again. “I thought I was going home, but home is wherever you are Eds.”

Notes for the Chapter:

So yeah,

I hope y'all liked this chapter. :)